

## THE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

### WHEN A MAN IS SICK

#### Chapter XXXV.

When I arrived at the house they were all at dinner except Dick.

"Hasn't Dick returned yet?" I asked anxiously.

"Yes," answered his mother, "but he has such a dreadful cold and neuralgia headache that he decided not to come down to dinner."

I found Dick lying on the bed with his clothes on. His eyes were red and one side of his face was all swelled up. Poor old chap, he was a sight.

"I'm awfully sorry, Dick. If I had known you were coming home sick I would have tried to get home sooner. Shall I help you get to bed?" I asked.

"Don't disturb me, for heaven's sake, Madge. This is the first time this blamed tooth has stopped aching today," and then poor Dick commenced to sneeze.

"You had better come to dinner, Margie," called Mollie from the foot of the stairs.

It didn't seem right to leave Dick, but, to tell the truth, I was hungry, so I got him another handkerchief, fixed his pillows, took off his shoes and threw a quilt over his feet, then hurried downstairs.

"I thought you had concluded not to eat any dinner," said Mrs. Waverly.

"I had to fix Dick up a little," I answered as I seated myself, and Mrs. Waverly rang the bell and told the maid to "bring Mrs. Richard (as she calls me when speaking to others) some dinner."

The maid went out sullenly and Mrs. Waverly remarked that Ellen always resented anyone coming late to dinner.

I felt like an interloper, but Mollie smiled at me across the table as she remarked: "Oh, I guess it won't hurt her once in a while."

I did find courage to say that if Ellen would bring me a tray with

some soup, dessert and coffee I would take it up to Dick.

"He said he did not want any dinner," his mother remarked.

"But don't you think something hot would be good for him?" I asked.

"Sure it would, mother," interrupted Mr. Waverly. "Let Margaret coddle the boy if she wants to—she'll get over it soon enough."

Mrs. Waverly gave her husband a look that I hope I shall never have on my face when I gaze at my husband, but she said nothing and I finished my dinner in silence and took the tray up to Dick.

There is nothing romantic about a man with the neuralgia and a cold in the head.

Dick only wanted to be let alone and suffer, but he had no intention of suffering in silence. Between his sneezes and coughing he indulged in many commiserating groans and some profanity.

At last, with much persuasion, I managed to get him to eat the food, and then I put him to bed, with a hot-water bottle under his aching jaw.

"My, that feels good, Margie," he said. "Mother never was much of a nurse and Mollie gives me the fidgets, although she means well."

"Try and go to sleep, dear."

"I think I can," said Dick, drowsily: "I am without pain. My dear, you are a splendid nurse."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

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"I suppose you're going to Dr. Mason's funeral, grandpa?" "Oh," snarled the infirm old man, "don't talk to me about other people's funerals. It's as much as I shall be able to do to get to my own."

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Don't know whether Pres. Wilson has anything on the rest of us or not, but every time he gets a code id a hed he gets his name id a paper.